2.23.73 p.m.

Dear Pal,

The language is definitely going to fly in this one, but not anything compared to the way Scott's blood will, when I catch up to him. I'm so mad at that bastard, I couldn't even write him to file him off my case. It took 2 days just to address the envelope. I kept hearing what a honest, sincere guy he was. I heard all about his great legal and personal achievements as well. I heard what a great husband & father he was. I naively & trustingly believed every bit of it. And now he's "finking" me over down here. Jesus! I'm not going to trust anybody ever from now on. I got an answer to the letter I sent my stuck friend in New Orleans. He said he wants ALL and ANY mail I've got from my parents. He didn't go over there but went to several of the neighbor's houses. Things have spiraled down there because my parents are throwing their big "martyr act". He and other stuck friends want those letters for court. He says it'll be a big long hard fought court battle to have them seperated & committed but that Judge Chris is really fed up this time & is more than willing to help. Harold, instead of sending them my "sick" mail, I need to talk to Judge Chris in person. I need a federal court order from him to get all my stuff out of my parent's house that they illegally removed from my apartment here in Houston. The one of my jean's pockets was the thing I need to get my case dismissed here in Houston. See, I'm charged with possession of narcotic paraphernalia (a needle & syringe) and I have

(over

(2) an I.D. card enclosed in plastic authorizing me to take intramuscular injections of Compazine & Tolbutal. It was issued to me just last summer, signed by my former Dr. who is now a member of the state board of medical examiners & stamped by the state board of health. I also plan on getting shopsticks from at least 20 Dr.'s there. I was going to get all that plus a lot of other ass's for Scott's house. We never got around to discussing any of it though, because he's too busy being such a fucking smart ass. When the feds bust in there with that court order, me & my chunk-friends, they got it and all my things. They just go in there for that for me while I'm over here, I'll never see any of the rest of my stuff again. If my parents even knew of it's existence, they'll destroy it, then swear up & down they don't know shit about it. I could get a new one, but it's a big hassle and that one is dated before my arrest here. I have to visit to Judge Cheris's house at 3 A.M. & get a new it order for 10 minutes. He's known me since I was 11 years old. I think it's about time I told you a little bit about some of the shit I went through at home. I am 100% Jewish. My mother's mother was Jewish. The divorce side of my family is really bizarre though. My parents were the only ones who ever married. They both turned Catholic converts. My Dad used to be a Methodist. Also when I got conceived, my mother wasn't supposed to have gotten pregnant anymore. Both my sisters were way older than me. I gave my mother a lot of medical problems when she had me — she almost died. None of them wanted me, but due to upper middle class status symbol shit, I got kept instead of being adopted by someone else. They both hated me for it. Harold, have you ever been 8 years old, in bed asleep & awakened to arguments by your parents over which one of their fault it was you got born? I hated school too. I started 1st grade just after I turned 5 years old. People used

③ to say I was real smart. I hated school bad. I never paid attention in classes. While they would be reading SEE DICK RUN, I used to be wondering things like how did they make those wooden desks from trees. All of my life my mother especially used to put me down. If she ever said anything decent to me, in the same sentence only separated by but, and or so would be down kind of put down. Also I used to get the holy shit beat outta me continually. Sometimes the excuse would be that it was for anything I might have gotten away with that they didn't know about. Also they tried to cram Catholicism down my throat but as young as I was, I couldn't ever swallow the Jesus story but kept getting more hung up in Old Testament stories. At eleven I got shipped off to a Catholic boarding school where the nuns were supposed to straighten me out. They saw tests on me there & right away put me in a special study section unit of the school. I was doing 7th 8th & 9th grade all at one time there at 11 years old. They never even made me go to classes. I was making excellent grades for the 1st time in my life. It was the Wisdom Hall section of St Scholastica Academy in Covington La. My parents and I would not visit on visits and they took me out of the school. Not only that, they forced me to repeat the 4th grade in a bad public school back home. I went to that school and later spent 2 years at the same school as my cousin who was only 15 days older than me. She used to coax me into doing things that always got me in trouble at school. People all my life used to take advantage of my naivety and trustfulness. And my Cousin Adriane also knew damn well that when ever I got into any trouble at school, I'd catch it 1000 times harder when I got home. She told the whole school also that the reason my parents had seperate sleeping arrangements was to prevent anymore kids like me being born. I stupidly used to be always jealous of her as my Aunt Betty loved her very much and would give her anything she ever wanted. Being 15 years old & tired of this shit, I got back one day by showing my cousin a letter (I dug it out of my Dad's secret papers) from her own Father to my Aunt saying how he wasn't going to pay one cent child support because he didn't want her. I showed it to her privately too, not in front of schoolmates.

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[4] She went straight home + told my Aunt what I did. I never told my Aunt or anybody else why, because My Aunt would never believe anything against Adriane anyway, and I loved my Aunt too much to ever hurt her even worse. My parents sent me to a psychiatrist, many afterwards too. They all said the same thing though (11 of them) That I was very smart, but that being constantly put down and considered worthless all my life made me myself believe it and that the reasons I did stupid things was because I was rebelling, was full of hostilities + frustrations and didn't know any better ways to let them out. Two Doctors sent out for consultation, a very famous shrink from New York. He told my mother that he didn't even have to talk to me, that he could just listen to her for 5 minutes and notice the problem right away. He was talking about how she put me down all the time. My Father wanted to sue him. I used to get punished every time a Doctor told them they were behaving psychotically towards me. Everything I ever owned or loved, I lost because of my parents. I ran away from home several times. One of those times when I was in my teens, I got picked up hitchhiking, beaten up bad, raped + the guy then stuck a knife up me and cut straight back, then left me there to bleed to death. I saw his license # as he drove off through. I spent some time in the hospital there + it was my Aunt, Adriane's mother, who came up there to be with me. Because of her, I don't have any sexual hangups today. She stayed with me throughout the Grand Jury deal + the trial too. I was the only witness + they really tried to rip me up on that witness stand for 2 solid days. And I requested the jury not to give the guy the death penalty + everybody came down on me about that. As vindictive as my Aunt is still today about showing Adriane that letter, I could never forget what my Aunt did for me + love her very much even though she'd never believe it. My only + best friend in High school, another underdog Mindy Hirsch was Jewish + her father was a Conservative Rabbi.

5 He told me I was Jewish, but I couldn't believe it because both my parents, especially my mother hates Jews so much. He gave me many books to read & I spent many times with the Hirsch's while my parents thought I was always elsewhere. I got BOT MITZVAHED at 16 instead of 12 special & private & I still consider that the most important day ever to have happened in my life. The more I studied Jewish beliefs, traditions and laws the more I loved it, got hung up in it & became devout. My mother today would never believe, much less admit that she was Jewish because her mother was Jewish whose both parents were Jewish. She uses as her maiden name, my Grandmother's second marital name, which was McCullough. There's lots of things neither of my parents would ever believe - Like the Doctor's say about them! They have a psychotic subconcious hate for me to the point of obsession. My Dad is supposed to be passive - aggressive only toward me. They don't want to ever let me out of range as they want to keep "punishing me". The Drs. come on with the terminology which they tell me themselves boils down to my parents are "crazy as shit." They said I'd never be able to ever get away from them without their consent - totally impossible. My pals in the funeral business told me to change my major at L.S.U to Mortuary Science that the closest school carrying it on the curriculum was here in Texas. The Drs. loved the idea. I got tired of getting the all hour phone calls & harassing "sick" letters from home & got an unlisted phone number. Isn't it coincidental that my Dad just happened to be here in Houston 3 days later on business and had me pulled out of Chemistry class at my school here. They knew while I was at L.S.U. I got elected V. Pres. of B'nai Brith Hillel, & was a member of many other Jewish organizations besides. My Dad & I used to have discussions about Vietnam than you'd ever believe. I used to get too many letters from friends over there, guys I'd grown up with all my life, some who came home in caskets, some were Jewish - but all of whom didn't want to go, nor die for stupid reasons, nor fight for a bunch of "Cocks" who don't

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⑥ give a damn about their own country & were too busy laughing at the Yankee G.I.'s & ripping them off coming & going. I was also getting a supreme religious cram job by these 2 psychotic Jesus Freaks besides the lectures on smoking that Killer weed that makes you rob, rape and murder innocent citizens in their sleep. They got worse & worse over the years. The Doctors say they nor anyone can help them with their mental problem until they would at least be willing to admit that they even had one. Harold & I would be in my room trying to listen to my radio on low-low with the door closed. My mother would open it saying noises gave her headaches & if I'd use my earphone she'd give me lectures on wasting time — all since I reached 21. There's a whole lot more to it. Since I came here the second time in my life & I was away at school — my grades shot up sky high. Adriane's husband is a lawyer (bigger crook than Tommy could EVER be.) My aunt paid him lots of $ to marry Adriane because he got her pregnant. And anytime he wants more money he just tells my Aunt he wants it & no other words even need to be said. The guy that said he's been on the take ever since he could first spell the word — was the pres. of the crime commission another "Christ killer" friend of mine. The son of a bitch is getting lots of coins from my parents giving legal tips on how to screw me up & his (2) pals over here in Texas who are getting it too are getting ready to throw things into action the 1st of March. One of them managed to get himself appointed my public defender. My parents know about my leg & never donated one cent toward the costs on it. They to this day swear that if I become a Catholic & pour some Lourade's water on it, it'll get well instantly. One of my surgeons once sent my brother-in-law a note telling him that the medicine was costing me $16 a day & since he could get it free could he send me some. Ben sent me a whole box of it & my parents came down on him like a ton of bricks for it. Thank God he at least had an answering service to catch the calls. I also knew

(7) that it was his influence that got me passed on that special osteomyelitis orthopedic study & research grant from the medical school that payed for 85% of my surgical & medical bills in New Orleans for the last several years. I was supposed to be before an evaluation committe here sponsered by a Jewish Foundation for an even better one on Dec. 22ND but never showed up because I've been in jail since Dec. 21ST. My Christian Drs. here worked their balls off on this one & are now mad as hell at me I know. If I wrote them & told them about this, they would come down on this jail like a bomb, I'd be caught right in the middle of another big major stink especially from the new sheriff. I was on some pretty potent antibiotics, 2 of which are experimental since 1967. I'm positively not supposed to go past 36 hours without medication and it's been 66 days now, plus 9 weeks since I got reinjured. My Aunt Betty is pretty big in the psychiatric profession back home & my mother is her sister. My Aunt is blind to my parents psychosis because of that & she still feels very vindictive toward me about that letter and believes my "lovingly" parents when they say they are so hurt about my "great crime" because they love me & how could I do this to them after all they've done for me?" She & her legal brained son-in-law wait and are going all out to have a psychiatric hold (THE HARDEST to break here) thrown against me. I want out of this fucking jail before that bastard Scott helps them all fuck me over supremely. I have to get to New Orleans to stop some (5) innocent shrinks & a hell of a great Judge from stirring up a battle they'll all lose, which would litterly embarrass me to death, & stir up a COMPLETE family war. I just want to get out of this crap DISCREETLY as possible & far away from my parents (whom I love enough to care about them) but don't ever want them to know where I am ever at again. Incidently, I got an answer to plea #10 for my mother to mail me my underwear. I finially got an answer - it was NO! (my bond is $100.00 which I know they know but have never mon-

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(8) tuned to them)- & dig this. They say they are not going to spend any money bailing me out, that that isn't "my problem." They also claim that the reason I even came over here was to take out my frustrations on them. They also claim that the reason they have been "badmouthing" me all over the place was to try to prevent others from going down my path. The rest of it is just filled with Jesus Freak crap & how they're praying for me over there. They don't hurt me as I have managed to become totally immune to pain caused by those nuts but what worries me is how it eats away at them so & that's what hurts me. This is strictly top secret information I'm just giving you bits & pieces of. Good God! don't tell anyone ever about any of this ever. I figure you're the only person I have left in the whole world I can trust. I've had everybody else I could ever have trusted ever turn completely around on me, I couldn't ever take it again. I even trusted Scott enough to give him my parent's address & phone number & I find out he is trying to have me turned over to my parent's custody. I'm working on getting out of here legally & discreetly & should have an answer on it soon. If not, I'll kill a screw and do it illegally but am definitely going to bust my ass trying before the week is out. And maybe the United Jewish Appeal will pay Sam "Monk" Zieldon to come over and defend me for murder because I'm definitely going to kill Scott so bad & bad with just my bare hands that they'll need to bring in a vacuum cleaner just to pick up his pieces. Considering what he might have done for my benefit if anything before he decided to "Fuck me over" I'll see he gets paid for it for anything to take out more life insurance on himself which would benefit his wife & kids. The only thing that has kept me from busting out of here so far to do it for the last 2 days was I've been trying to give him the benefit of the doubt figuring maybe he just didn't know the

situation about my parent's + me + he could never understand it anyway because I know for a definite fact that he loves his kids. It is a pretty weird and bizarre situation for me too Harold, but how do you think I feel about what's happening. When eleven psychiatrists, 3 psychologists and 6 social workers plus the multitudes of other just people told me to get away, fast, stay away forever from those two - oh wow! Scott wants to turn me right over to them. They'd NEVER let go now + it'd be 100 times worse even. I used to have a photographic memory up until I got to be 14. I used to be able to read pages of stuff just once + then recite it all word for word 6 months later. That used to drive my parents litterly up the walls. And the Doctors were all right. Being away from my parents just 4 months is starting to jog it back again. By the end of the year I'll probably have it completely back. Everything the good shrinks ever said about them is so true. If I could spend the rest of my life in the penitentiary - just being away from them I would be so fantastically lucky. I wouldn't hurt them for all the world though + I know that locking them up would kill them both + they'd blame me for it. I can't get that threw Dick's head though - for a shrink he has more balls than sense. I'll not even going to answer his urgent request for my "sick" mail. I'd like to get there to prevent the sky from falling in in person quick as possible. That's the only thing that hasn't come down on me yet. Too many people have told me that they didn't think I could ever be faced with a problem I couldn't work out eventually myself + for the best. I'm not going to prove them wrong now + anyway I lose + trust in God too much to know that He knows what's best for all. I just ask that you keep the little bit I've told you here TOP SECRET between

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10 us. I ask you this out of the strongest feeling — Trust —
Take my word for it when I say there is a lot more to it
a hell of a lot more & All of the Doctor's wanted me to keep
quiet about it too. And I still want it to stay that way.

Shabbat Shalom
(It's 4 AM. Sat. 2-24-73 now)

Dave

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